

IRELAND.

Record of the Most Important of the Recent Events Culled From Exchanges.

Lord Avonmore is expected shortly at his Irish residence, Belle Isle, County Tipperary, from Klondyke.

Right Hon. Justice O'Brien, Justices Murphy and Kenny form the rota of Parliamentary judges for the trial of election petitions in the year 1899.

A cabinetmaker named John McDonnell, of 34 Stafford street, Dublin, was treated at Jervis street Hospital for severe burns about the head and body. It appeared that he fell asleep while sitting near the fire and fell across it.

"The Ideal of the Men of '98" is the title of a lecture which was delivered by Mr. E. H. Burke under the auspices of the Bray '98 Club. This club has performed splendid work for the National cause, and the lecture was bound to be well supported.

On Sunday evening the many friends of Mr. O'Neill entertained him to a supper at Kingstown prior to his departure for South Africa. There was a large attendance, and a choice selection of music and recitation brought to a conclusion a most happy and well thought out event.

Not for the past thirty years was the fishing industry in Passage and Dunmore so brisk as it has been for the past few weeks. Large quantities of herrings are arriving at Waterford daily for sale and the disposal of them at a price satisfactory to fishermen depends on the amount of opposition there is among the buyers, who are principally exporters.

At the last monthly meeting of the Bray Commissioners Mr. Holohan brought under the notice of the board the fact that an ambulance wagon was badly needed in Bray. Everyone who knows the township will cordially agree with Mr. Holohan's views, and in drawing attention to this subject is simply making known a want that should have been supplied years ago.

On Tuesday evening a grand, fashionable vocal and instrumental concert was given in the court-house, Thurles, under the patronage of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly and the local clergy to raise funds for parochial purposes. Well known amateurs from Dublin, Kilkenny, Clonmel and Castleconnell lent their services, and provided a rare treat for the large and respectable audience who had the good fortune of obtaining seats.

Mr. Edmund Johnson intends to exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 a reproduction of the crozier which was made by an Irish goldsmith of the twelfth century, and which some years ago was found during some restorations at Lismore Castle. The crozier bears the following inscription in the Irish character: "A prayer for Nial, son of Mac Aeduccan, for whom was made this ornament." "A prayer for Nectain, who made this ornament."

On Monday evening, November 21, Mr. J. E. Redmond lectured at the Assembly Rooms, and was the recipient of a very enthusiastic welcome. It is over twelve months since the Independent leader appeared publicly in Cork, and though he only came in the guise of a lecturer he was none the less cordially received. "Irish popular leaders, from Swift to Parnell," was the title of the lecture, and treated by Mr. Redmond, the subject becomes fascinating.

Sunday, November 20, was Decoration day in Cork, and it was unnecessary to do more than simply remind Nationalists of the duty they owed to the patriot dead, whose memory they commemorated by the decoration of graves that are very numerous, and, unhappily, increase year by year in Cork and neighborhood. Many of the Old Guard have gone, but they are not forgotten. The fact that there has been numerous demonstrations this year did not in any way detract from the importance and enthusiasm of the celebration on Decoration day.

The monument inaugurated by the Billy Byrne (Dublin) Branch of the '98 Centenary Committee for the erection of a monument in Wicklow town to the memory of the leaders of the insurrection in that county is rapidly taking practical shape. An influential committee has been formed. The Market square, Wicklow, has been selected as the site of the principal memorial, although slabs and other monuments will eventually mark many of the historic spots made famous by the glorious struggles of Byrne and Holt, of Dwyer and McAllister, of Thomas and Hartman, and many others against English oppression a hundred years ago.

Strangers in Dublin are often astonished to find that the handsomest houses are situated in a comparatively unfashionable district, north of the Liffey, and that the "smart" quarter of the town is low-lying, damp and depressing, as well as somewhat inferior from an architectural point of view. The ebbing away of fashion from the north side, where all the nobility resided in the last century, and well into the present one, is, indeed, rather hard to explain, especially as the neighborhood of the Park should have acted as a social magnet to some extent. In no quarter of town might the desertion of the beautiful old houses excite to much surprise as in Henrietta street.

The Munster egg merchants have taken prompt steps to vindicate their position and to meet the serious charges made against the Irish egg trade in Liverpool and other English cities. The meeting held at the Limerick Junction clearly went to show that, as far as this province is concerned, these charges were exaggerated, if not entirely untrue. The Munster merchants deny emphatically that there are grounds for the strictures passed on their packing and packages. If the trade had suffered in any part of England it was due to the merchants on the other side, who sometimes held over eggs for a rising market. In this

way the reputation of Irish eggs has been unjustly injured.

Quite a little romance preceded Sir Edward Bradford's marriage, which took place last month. He was hunting, but his horse refused a ditch, and in consequence he was violently thrown and badly hurt. The only spectator of the accident was Miss Nicholson, daughter of William Nicholson, Esq., who was riding close behind. She at once dismounted, helped him into a better position and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, absolutely refusing to leave him. Miss Nicholson, now Lady Bradford, lost a good run with the hounds, but she has got for an act of kindness a husband who is a man in a million for pluck and skill in all he undertakes, says a contemporary.

Through the death of Mr. Felix Moss a vacancy has occurred in the Waterford senior school of the Workhouse. During the tedious illness of Mr. Moss his duties were most efficiently discharged by Mr. E. V. Drea, the Assistant Master, who is now a candidate for the position. Mr. Drea, during his long connection with the schools, always performed the duties of his office to the satisfaction of the guardians, and the Inspector's reports show how diligently he applied himself to his work. As "Ned of the Hills" Mr. Drea is well known as a writer of merit, and the Nationalists on the board, irrespective of party, could not make a better selection and at the same time show their appreciation of his efforts on behalf of his country than by appointing him to the vacancy. His unanimous selection would give general satisfaction.

The death occurred of Mrs. Allman, the wife of an esteemed Cork citizen, Mr. F. W. Allman. It is a sad bereavement in a house long associated with good works, and may be regarded almost as a public loss. Mrs. Allman was the only child of Richard Dowden, who was once Mayor of Cork, who was actively associated with O'Connell in the movement for Catholic emancipation, and who was a fellow laborer with Father Mathew in the movement of temperance conducted by that great priest. Mrs. Allman never ceased to work in the philanthropic spirit of her father. Throughout her life she was associated with many schemes of charity and philanthropy. She took a great interest in the work of the Blind Asylum, in the boarding-out of children in the Cork Union, in the temperance movement, etc. Mrs. Allman has died at the age of sixty-nine years, universally respected and mourned.

For some time past considerable sums of money have been stolen from the Roman Catholic church at Borrisoleigh, and, despite the vigilant exertions of Sergeant Nally and the local police, the perpetrator of this offense succeeded in evading capture, and continued his nefarious practice till a few days ago, when Sergeant Nally, who had previously marked some coins and placed them in a box in the sacristy of the church from which the money had been stolen, set to work, and soon afterwards noticed a man named Thomas Kelly, a car-driver in Borrisoleigh, go in the direction of the church, and a short time after discovered that the coins had been stolen, and immediately set to watch the movements of Kelly, who evidently became conscious that he was shadowed and made his escape to Thurles, where he was brought to bay by Detective Acting-sergeant P. Ryan, of the Thurles station. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three calendar months' imprisonment.

I am surprised at the want of sense shown by the people of Queenstown in coming out to notice the street-preachers who, having wearied of the indifference with which they are now received in Cork, are seeking fresh fields in which they may exercise their disturbing and combative influences, says a Cork correspondent. These self-assertive missionaries created at one time much excitement in Cork, and Sunday after Sunday disturbed the peace of the city. In the end people learned wisdom and passed them by, and, though they have changed from locality to locality, they have ceased to attract attention, the novelty has disappeared and no one at present minds these canting evangelists. Advertisement being at an end, these men are disappointed, and have selected Queenstown as a likely place to create trouble and win fresh notoriety. If the people of the town will only follow the example of the city and leave the preachers alone they will soon find them die of inanition. They live on advertisement, and without it there is an end to their missionary work.

At the meeting of the Loughrea Town Commissioners a letter was received from the Rev. Father Nolan, forwarding a petition of the residents of Barrick street requesting that the present name of their street be cancelled, and substitute therefor the name, "Strait Us Frannacta," that is to say, "O'Finnerty street" after a local patriot. The petition bore the signature of all the principal residents of Barrick street, the name of the Rev. Father Nohilly heading the list. Mr. Mulken said that enormous expense had been gone to in the preparation of the slabs to be put on all the streets in Irish and Irish characters. The erection of these slabs and renaming of the streets was one of the items on the programme of the '98 celebrations. The promoters of the movement expected that a procession will be formed on the day the slabs are to be put up, halting at each street as they go along. Mr. O'Flaherty said that in his, and others, opinion it should be a '98 demonstration in a wide sense. On the motion of Mr. Mulken, seconded by Mr. O'Flaherty, the petition was unanimously adopted.

Intelligence has just reached Kanturk of a shocking case of suicide which occurred near the village of Freemont, the victim being the wife of a small farmer named Loder. Mrs. Loder, who was a middle-aged woman and the mother of a large family, sent one of her children, who happened to be the only person with her in the house at the time, for a message, after which she seized a razor and gashed her stomach in a terrible manner.

A neighbor calling in found the unfortunate woman lying on two chairs before the fire, with blood gushing from the several huge gaping wounds in her side. In reply to a question, the poor woman said, in a voice weak from loss of blood, that there was no use sending for a doctor, as she wanted to get out of this life, and that she made sure of doing for herself. Medical and spiritual aid were immediately summoned, and in a short time Father Twomey and Dr. McCarthy, of Milford, were in attendance. Every thing possible was done to alleviate her sufferings, but, despite the most unremitting and skilful medical attention, she gradually sank, and expired from the results of the frightful injuries she inflicted on herself. It is understood that the deceased was mentally afflicted for some years past, and has been known to suffer from delusions, which probably furnishes an explanation of her fearful act of self-destruction. The greatest sympathy is felt for the afflicted husband and children.

PADDY'S REPLY TO A SNEER.

A Paddy I am, sir,
Nor care I a clam, sir,
Who jeers or who jibes at a Pat;
A Paddy I'll stay, sir,
Forgive and aye, sir,
So make your mind aisy on that.
Sure and wasn't me daddy
A true-hearted Paddy,
And didn't he love me the name?
And will I discard it
Because you regard it
As being fit subject for blame?
Oh no! I would die, sir,
Before I'd deny, sir,
The glorious title of Pat;
And make by that act, sir,
(Bedad, 'tis a fact, sir),
Me-si' out to be but akrat.

—T. G. Devine.

THE MINISTER AND HIS TROUSERS.

A few weeks ago a well-known Welsh clergyman, says the New York Sun, went from home to preach in the church of a brother divine. On Sunday evening he preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Next morning he lay on a grassy bank in his host's garden reading a book, until he had barely time to rush to the station and catch his train. He arrived at the platform, however, just in time to jump into a compartment containing only one occupant, a gentleman.

After a few moments this gentleman's attention was attracted by the uneasy, restless of his reverend companion. The latter was glaring wildly at his coat-sleeve, from which he was brushing invisible something. "What's the matter?" cried the layman. "Ants!" shrieked the parson. And then for some minutes both were busily engaged in expelling the invading host from coat and waistcoat, which were pronounced clear just as the train stopped at a station where the layman alighted.

The next stop was to be his own destination and the agitated parson resumed his coat and waistcoat and leaned by to rest. But horrors! the train had scarcely restarted when the reverend gentleman felt suspicious tinglings in his legs. He bore it stoically for a time, but at last it grew unbearable. Kicking off his boots with an inward thanksgiving that he was alone, he hastily divested himself of his nether garments and found them swarming with a host of the industrious little people whom he had praised the night before. He then opened the window on the off side of the carriage and holding the garment at arms' length, shook it violently. An express train rushing by in the opposite direction so startled him that he relaxed his hold and the all-important vestment was torn from his grasp.

Hardly had he realized his horrible position when the train slowed down to enter the station. To alight in such a guise was absolutely impossible; so, after pulling down the window blinds, he stood at the door, ready to defend the entrance against all comers. The train stopped and two ladies tried to enter the compartment. "Go away, go away!" shrieked the frazzled parson. And the ladies ran screaming to the stationmaster that there was a lunatic on board the train. The stationmaster collected a bodyguard of porters and went to investigate matters. After a hurried parley two porters were left to guard the door, and the grinning stationmaster went off to return with a mysterious parcel, which was carefully handed in, and the train proceeded.

At the next station the clergyman got out and returned home in a pair of the stationmaster's trousers, which were several sizes too large for him, but none apparently noticed the misfit. The story leaked out before long and there is now at least one person in Wales who agrees with Mark Twain that "the ant is a greatly overrated bird."

WHERE HE FAILED.

"Come," said the tempter, "we will go to the prize-fight and have the time of our lives."

The tempted one shook his head and replied sadly:

"It can't be done."
"Why not? I will pay the railway fare and buy the tickets."

The tempted one resisted, though with a look of real pain.

"Besides I will pay for the cigars and all the drinks. In short, you will not need to spend a red cent."

"That's all right," said the tempted one weakly. "I know you would do all you say and show me the time of my life, but—"

"But what?"

"You haven't the imagination to get up a new yarn that would go down with my wife."

Members of the cigarmakers' and other unions are taking note of those who are dealing in goods not bearing the label.

The cigarmakers announce their annual ball to take place Monday, December 19. They say it will be the most successful one yet given by them.



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THEATRICALS.

Col. Meffert and his stock company have made a ten-stroke for next week. They have a great treat in store for the patrons of the Temple Theater. They have succeeded in arranging to produce for the first time in this city at popular prices "Diplomacy," one of the greatest and most popular plays of the age. The story deals with a Russian spy, who is diplomat enough to coerce a society woman into stealing certain army plans from an English army Captain, who is led to believe that his own wife is the thief. The Captain's older brother, who is an English diplomat and a woman-hater, finally sets a trap for and catches the real culprit by means of a certain perfume used by the lady in question, forcing her to acknowledge the crime. The costumes and stage setting will be up to the usual Temple standard, and those who would enjoy a really first-class play should witness this production.

The fact that the name of Weber and Fields is at the head of the Vaudeville Club Burlesquers, which comes to the Buckingham Sunday afternoon for a week's stay, is a sufficient guarantee that the attraction is first-class, as these managers have always kept faith with the public and presented a first-class entertainment. The company which will appear here next week has been especially organized to present the two burlesques which packed their New York Music Hall for almost a year, and this



BILLY VAN WILL BE AT THE BUCK.

will be their first presentation in this city. The titles of the burlesques are "The Wayhighman" and "The Wee Minister," and are the joint productions of those two prominent authors, Louis De Lange and Edgar Smith, whose reputations as burlesque writers are too well known to need an introduction here. This is perhaps the best effort of these two writers, as it set the whole of New York talking, and brought both money and fame to the authors during its successful presentation in New York. The present season is the first time that Weber and Fields have ever allowed one of their New York successes to be presented by a traveling company, but this year they decided to make a new departure, and organized companies especially to present their New York successes in the larger cities in order to give amusement-lovers an opportunity of witnessing the different successes to which the metropolis has taken so kindly. The burlesque will be preceded by several artistic specialties. All the original scenery used in the New York production will be brought here, together with the gorgeous costumes and the bevy of pretty girls.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) Union says of Katie Rooney and her company that is booked for the Avenue Theater next week: "The ever popular little favorite Miss Katie Rooney and the gay company of fun makers made their bow at the Grand Opera House, matinee and night, to excellent business. The three-act musical farce is one of the most original seen here this season. It abounds in extremely funny situations, which are handled in a unique manner. Fun is rampant from start to finish, constantly introducing surprises when least expected. There is certainly variety enough offered to please everybody, and, judging by the spontaneous outbursts of laughter, the audience yesterday were certainly delighted. Miss Katie Rooney, the bright, clever little star, was the pet of the evening and was charming as ever. She possesses a magnetism which enthralls her audience the moment she makes her appearance. She is the life and spark of merriment throughout the whole performance. Her great imitation of the famous Pat Rooney, it is safe to say, is the only act of its kind on any stage. Her supporting company is a well-balanced one and contains some excellent singers. The staging and costuming are artistic, and the entire production is a meritorious one. The last performance will be given tonight, when all those who enjoy a merry show, good music and clever specialties should not miss seeing 'The Girl from Ireland.'"

The Cigarmakers' Union of this city will nominate officers for the ensuing year at the next meeting, which occurs on the first Wednesday in December.

MEMORIAM.

In Loving Remembrance of Our Beloved Father, Cornelius Murphy, Who Died December 4, 1898.

Two long years have passed away,
Two long years since that day,
When one we loved and dearly prized
Lay cold in death before our eyes.

We miss his coming footsteps—
We miss him everywhere—
Home is not what it used to be
Since our dear father is not there.

Heaven now retains our treasure,
Earth his lonely cockles keeps,
And the sunbeams love to linger
Where our darling father sleeps.

LOVING CHILDREN.
In Fond Remembrance of Katie O'Loughlin, Who Died Wednesday, October 5, 1898.

One whom we loved has left our midst,
And we miss you sadly, dear;
But hoping you're numbered with heaven's list,
We'll dry the sorrowing tear.

You're before us in our daily prayers,
And we sigh at the thought—she's gone;
That heaven will comfort the lonely home,
We unite, and the prayer goes on.

Your name is ofttimes spoken, Kate,
While your gentle voice is still;
Expectant of meeting you at heaven's gate,
We'll resign to God's holy will.

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